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but a book that embodies insight corrected by experience is not to be neglected by any one. Tactful treatment and a persuasive style we look for in any writing of President Hyde's, and not in vain.

The author begins with an analysis of "natural badness" in boys, and here it may be noted that without implicating himself in any special theory he not only recognizes facts, but also thinks along the lines of the most useful and suggestive modern thought.

As to "natural badness" his teaching runs parallel to Professor Royce's doctrine of "original sin," in which, indeed, no one—idealist or not—can well fail to perceive an inner truth. Boys are naturally bad, but their natural badness is but a form of goodness in disguise. Before evolution had shown the relativity of morality to man's degree of development, it would have been hard, no doubt, to get such a statement accepted. But since most people will now readily admit that what was virtue in an age of primitive struggle may be sin to-day, it is well that this enlightened view should be made widely effective. Rapacity is a virtue in an age of sharks, but not in an age of civilized men; and boys are likely to be rapacious.

How is the natural badness of boys to be developed into the genuine goodness of which it is the germ? Artificial goodness—the goodness that is based upon restraint—is at best a makeshift tending to provoke bitterness and rebellion. It is a necessary phase, but none the less a makeshift—so much we might learn from history, perhaps, if we chose. President Hyde makes his point very plain with respect to many special matters that have to do with boys. The ideal which he holds up as most real and as most effective in transforming natural and more or less pardonable badness into progressive goodness, is essentially that of service: "The Quest of the Best is the aim to fulfil each interest, so far as it furthers the fulfilment, in proportion to their worth and claim, of all interests of all persons."

The truths expressed in this book both accord with experience and fit into the wider generalizations that have been accepted as useful and inspiring. These are truths of the kind of which there is most need. The sanity of the book is indicated by the fact that, although it holds up a difficult standard, there is nothing in it that conflicts with our enjoyment of *Huckleberry Finn*, or the more boy-like portions of *Tom Brown at Rugby*.

THE LIFE OF THE FLY. By J. HENRI FABRE. TRANSLATED BY ALEXANDER TEXEIRA DE MATTOS. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company, 1913.

That variety of religious experience which Stephen Graham describes as characteristic of the Russian pilgrim has a sort of counterpart in "the adventures of the soul among books." The pilgrim, seeking ever to renew a certain deep and sweet emotion which neither he nor we can define, wanders ever farther from home in search of new shrines; the reader in his pilgrimage through the literature of this and other times, for the most part seeks, consciously or not, to repeat in some form the impression made upon him by one or another of the great books of the world. Such, apart from the case of those who search for facts alone, is doubtless the real motive of most of the sincere reading that men do. And when in our journey we come to the shrine at which the naturalist Fabre worships, we

shall be sure to find something of the solace and inspiration we instinctively seek, though we may be quite unable satisfactorily to define its nature. Without question, to many, M. Fabre's book, *The Life of the Fly*, will mean a moment of rest for the hurrying soul, an impression of mystery and awe felt to be permanent, a fresh point of departure.

Not that M. Fabre is given to rhapsodizing—far from it. He deals chiefly in facts, and he loves to let the eloquence of facts proclaim itself. Darwin bestowed upon this man the title, "incomparable observer," and Fabre's discoveries justify the tribute. The first third of his book is mainly a painstaking account of the life-cycle of the Anthrax fly. The facts themselves, even when briefly stated, are amazing. The grub of the Anthrax feeds upon the larva of the Mason-Bee; but since, unlike most flies, the Anthrax has no weapon for wounding its victim, and since the grub is similarly helpless, the question arises how this feeble worm is able to obtain the needed nourishment. M. Fabre discovered that the grub, with its microscopic mouth, draws food from the fostering larva by an obscure process resembling endosmosis, and does so in such a way that the larva does not die and decay, but remains alive and fresh to the very end, when it is reduced to a mere pellet. But how does the helpless grub make its way to the sunshine through the thick concrete dome of the Mason-Bee? The answer to this question involves the description of a most striking instance of the adaptation of means to a merely temporary end. In the stage intermediate between the larva and the fly the Anthrax is found equipped with a complete set of picks, gimlets, and graters, for drilling through the hard dome—tools which there is nothing in the form of either the larva or the mature fly to suggest. But even this is not all; a greater puzzle is the means by which the grub originally enters the home of its victim. Through a series of careful observations M. Fabre was able to show that the grub when it first emerges from the egg has the form of a thin, transparent, almost invisible worm, and that this worm, after protracted efforts, is able to make its way through minute crannies in the Mason-Bee's Roman vault. Later this almost microscopic creature is transformed into the fat grub whose only duty in life is to grow fatter.

Does all this sound like the trite account of a scientific marvel? As M. Fabre tells the story, it is, on the contrary, an inspired account of one of the mysteries of life. It is fascinating, uncanny, productive of awe. M. Fabre is not a philosopher in the strict, technical sense, but he is something greater and better—a man of truly philosophic mind. Free from metaphysical prepossessions, loving truth, candid by nature, and master of lucid expression, he continually startles us not only with truths that we did not know, but with those that we have always known. In his discussions of such topics as heredity and instinct, his simplicity clears the air of metaphysical and scientific confusions, and in the new atmosphere we breathe with a certain exhilaration. Nor must we fail to reckon as part of the charm of his book the author's personality—his patience, humor, and lovable enthusiasm, as revealed in several vividly descriptive and deeply felt passages of autobiography.